

Tom Watson  
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Heber City, Utah  
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REPORT OF A CONFERENCE - May 5, 1870 - Visited by Thomas Squire Watson.

Twelve Apostles

President - Brigham Young	Orson Hyde	Charles G. Rich	G. Q. Cannon
1st C - George R. Smith	Orson Pratt	Erastus Snow	Brigham Young, Jr.
2nd C - Daniel H. Wells	John Taylor	Lorenzo Snow	J. F. Smith
	Wilford Woodruff	Franklin D. Richards	Albert Carrington

Conference convened at 10 a.m. - the choir sang the first hymn - prayer by G. A. Smith, another song then G. A. Smith then addressed the congregation giving a synopsis of Gospel of the great Latter day work from its organization up to the present time. Next D. H. Wells upon the benefit derived from strict adherence to the principles which God had revealed thru his servants in these last days. Singing by the tabernacle choir. Benediction by G. Q. Cannon.

2 p.m. - Singing by the choir - prayer by Pres. Brigham Young. Then Orson Hyde spoke upon the necessity of us as a people being stalwart straight and honest and prompt in paying our debts. He spoke upon the gathering of Israel also spoke on reference from D & C to show that the Lord took an interest in the temporal well being of his Saints in these days. Singing - then prayer by John (?) Taylor.

May 6 - Conference commenced at 10 a.m. The choir sang. J. Taylor spoke upon the inability of human wisdom to find out God. Showed the great advancement the human family had made in literature, science since the introduction of Gods work on the earth and showed how impossible it was for man in his own wisdom to find out God. He referred to the American nation endeavoring to make laws whereby our freedom of conscience would be obsolete.

Afternoon - singing by Choir. Prayer - Erastus Snow. Pres. B. Young then addressed the congregation upon the fashions and customs of the people and the vanity and folly manifested by the saints in following after what is termed the fashionable world. Resolved that the sisters of Utah make their own fashions. He also spoke on keeping the Word of Wisdom. W. Woodruff then spoke upon the rise and progress of the work. G. A. Smith spoke on the necessity of the people manufacturing their own wearing apparel also spoke of the settling of the southern country.

May 7 - Singing by choir. Prayer by J. F. Smith. George Q. Cannon read a letter which Orson Pratt had written in answer to a discourse delivered by Rev. Ox Newman in Washington in favor of pologamy. Orson pointed out very clearly that the scriptures testify that plural marriage was approved by God. The Pres. then rose and said that we did not practice pologamy because Abraham, Moses or any of the old prophets did, it is because God has revealed it unto this generation, said that if men would reject the new and everlasting covenant would be damned. Choir sang and Benediction by Orson Pratt.

Afternoon - singing by Tabernacle Choir- Prayer by Wilford Woodruff. G. A. Smith then spoke of the establishment of the Deseret University which had been established in this city also a branch in Provo and spoke of the necessity of forwarding the education of the young and rising generation. Spoke of the benefit of the sabbath school; spoke of the Juvenile as a periodical suitable for the young. G. Q. Cannon then presented the authorities who were unanimously sustained. Erastus Snow next spoke of home manufacture. Lorenzo Snow then addressed us on first principles of the Gospel. G. A. Smith pronounced the benediction.

May 8 - Choir sang - Prayer by J. Taylor. G. A. Smith spoke in reference to the Spirit that many were manifesting in hunting for gold or silver. He desired the saints to pursue agriculture and manufacturing pursuits; spoke on the word of wisdom and the necessity of practicing the same. Young then bore his testimony - spoke of the benefit of obeying and practicing the principles which God had revealed. F. D. Richards then spoke of the establishment of God's kingdom referred to the stone of which Daniel spoke also of the rock of revelation upon which the church of God is built.

G. Q. Cannon read over a few names of those who were called upon to go on missions. He said he regreted very much the infidelity spreading among the nations. He spoke of apostacy and causes which generally led to that condition. B. Young pronounced the Benediction.

2 P.M. Choir sang - Prayer by Orson Pratt - Brigham Young, Jr. Spoke upon the necessity of those who had borrowed money from friends in the old country to refund the same in order that they may be delivered from debt and enjoy the blessings which we enjoy here. He read the 6th Ch. of Daniel. J. F. Smith then bore his testimony. Pres. B. Young spoke upon the necessity of us as a people living our religion in order that we may enjoy the spirit of the Gospel and thereby we are able to discern the signs of the times and the progress of God's work on the earth. G. Q. Cannon offered Benediction.



ELIZABETH HONEYMAN  
&  
THOMAS SQUIRE WATSON

The record of some of the high points and facts in the life of Thomas Squire Watson-- born on the 21 of September 1844 at Look Zelly Fife, Scotland, at Parish of Bellingham county of Fife Scotland. He was the son of Thomas Watson, who was born October 5, 1816 at Parish Parish Geres, Scotland and Janet Squire, who was born 9 May 1819 at Parish of Markinch, Scotland. He has a sister Alison Watson who married Robert Simpson 26 Dec. 1862, a brother James, who married Christina Cooper on 30 March 1863. Thomas Squire who married Elizabeth Honeyman; she was born 22 December 1835 at Auchtermacty, Parish of Auethernoactury in the county of Fife Scotland. She was the daughter of John Honeyman and Janet Rankin.

They were converted by Robert Gillispie of Provo, Utah, who was on a mission to Scotland. Thomas Squire Watson was baptized 12 July, 1854, by his father Thomas Watson and was confirmed on the 16th of the same year by James Lowe.

Davis Shan of Manti who recently died was a life-long friend of Thomas Watson and spoke of the good times they had together as boys, also of how good the parents of Thomas were to the missionaries.

Elizabeth was baptized by Elder William Warnick, 15 February 1864, and confirmed by Elder James Brown the same date.

In Scotland, four sons were born and only William Don and Thomas Squire, first born, lived, the others died in infancy. On the 16th of January 1869, they buried their baby boy and on the 10th of April of the same year at 7 a.m. they and their little sons Thomas and William sailed for America. They sailed on the vessel Iowa; about 960 passengers on board, English, Scotch, Irish and Germans. The following is an account taken from the old diary he wrote each day of the trip, their food etc.

Glasgow, April 8, 1869. . . Hotel . . . went and saw the steam ship Iowa, today. She is a fine built vessal and looks in every way calculated to stand the storm. April 9--went down to Green Knowls today with a . . . and went on board the IOWA about 2 p.m., started on our journey on the 10th about 7 a.m., the sea as calm as a lake. Reached Mobile at 6 p.m., took on about 500 passengers there, which rather over-crowded us. There is considered to be 960 on board, a multitude of English, Scotch, Irish and Germans. We only remained at Mobile about two hours when we again pursued our journey.

Sunday 11--the ship is pitching fearfully, scarcely one on board but what is confined to their bunk with sickness. The scene is beyond description, everyone seems worse than the other. Chores and orders are very many.

Monday 12-- The sea is still raging wildly, sea sickness very prevalent.

Tuesday 13--There is quite a change; nearly all have become better from their sea sickness and are getting on deck to enjoy the fresh air. The wind, through blowing strong, seems to be in our favor. We are going at the rate of speed of about ten knots per hour.

Wednesday 14--The wind dead ahead, not making more than four and one-half knots per hour. It is a beautiful day above and it is pleasant to be out on deck to see the great waves rolling in. We have not seen a sail since we left Mobile. Our bed is very uncomfortable in consequence of water coming in from above. The accommodations is not equivalent to the amount of passengers. 4 p.m., we see a ship on our left, she seem bound for same quarters as ourselves, but beeing only a sailing vessel and the wind blowing against us we will soon leave her far behind. There is lots of singing going on which makes the time go very smoothly.

Thursday 15--The wind is a little more in our favor today. We expect to be half way at 12:00 p.m. We saw a sailing vessel to the left of us this morning.

Friday 16--We are nearing the banks of Newfoundland, it is raining and very foggy.

Saturday 17--We are making very little progress today. We passed a vessel on our right this morning. I may make mention here that the accommodations for passengers on the IOWA are very insufficient. There are forty of us sleeping in a small room twenty feet by eight feet. From this you may have an idea of what our feelings are. I would say to all who want to come to America, don't come on the IOWA. Many of the passengers say that the Liverpool streamers are much superior.

Sunday 18--The sea is rolling mountains higher and the day has ushured in a very stormy sea. It seems to high and seems every minute to come down upon our backs and submerge us



in the briny deep, nevertheless, we realize that we are in the hands of a kind Creator who cares for us. Sunday in the midst of the Atlantic is differently spent than it is at home. Often my mind has reverted to during this day to the happier influence which prevailed my mind when met to worship God. I long to have the opportunity to again enjoy the blessed Sabbath day by joining in His worship.

Monday 19--It was a severe gale during the night, the sea running mountain high and sometimes the sea breaking across the deck. The chests and tin utensils are tossed hither and thither, many are thinking it is time to make out their last account. 4 p.m. it is quite a change now, the sea is as calm as a lake, nearly all the people are on deck, a baby girl was brought into the world this morning. I hear the little stranger is doing well.

Tuesday 20--The sea is very calm and we are running very fast, the wind being in our favor. 1 p.m. we have just had dinner and have come up on deck to enjoy the fresh breeze. It is a beautiful day, we are going very rapidly, all the sails are up. If we had a few days like this we would soon reach our destination. It has been anything but a favorable voyage. It being always so cold that we could not stay long on deck at a time and the place where we stay is anything but comfortable.

Wednesday 21--This is a beautiful day, the sea is like one vast sheet of glass, all passengers have been on deck to enjoy the fresh air.

Thursday 22--It is a very foggy and rainy today, therefore, we cannot get on deck and are like prisoners cooped up here. We are said to be nearing the Newfoundland bank.

Friday 23--Wind dead against us and we are making little head way.

Saturday 24--We have had a very stormy night; the sea breaking on the bulwark in all directions. 8 a.m., the wind is still blowing strong, but more in our favor, nearly all the sails are up.

Sunday 25--Sunday is again ushered in; this is now the third Sunday to us on the Atlantic. You may believe we are tired enough of our present quarters. We are stretching our eyes in all directions to get a glimpse of land, but all is in vain so far as I can learn. It will be Tuesday or Wednesday before we reach our destined port. Betsy is not taking well with the meat we are served with.

I will give you a description of each day's provisions:

Sunday--Breakfast, tea and a small roll  
Dinner, broth, fresh beef & plum pudding (a very inferior kind)  
Supper, tea and hard biscuits.

Monday--Breakfast, tea, porridge, molasses and hot rolls  
Dinner, broth, salt beef and rice pudding.  
Supper, tea, and right hard biscuits.

Tuesday--Breakfast, as mentioned above  
Dinner, potatoes and salt beef  
Supper, same as above

Wednesday and Thursday--a repetition of the above.

Friday--because of so many Catholics aboard it is in opposition to their faith to eat beef on Friday so we are served hard fish and potatoes.

I should say the children are allowed a roll at night and a little gruel.

2 p.m. it is very cold and foggy. I have caught a cold and feel a little bad about it. We have never had our clothes off since we came on board. There are a host of Scotch-greys on board. They are so abundant that they don't bother or venture to pick them, but just take them as they come. Think as yet we have escaped and I trust we will to the end.

Monday 26--1:00 p.m. This is a beautiful day, the wind is against us, but we expect to get off on Wednesday. A sailing vessel passed us today, apparently homeward bound. It is a very monotonous life and I heartily wish I was at the other side.

Tuesday 27--8 a.m. It is a beautiful morning, every face is beaming with joy. The pilot came up on board this morning at 3 a.m. and said we expect to see land in the afternoon and get off tomorrow morning at 3 p.m. This is a most beautiful day, Betsy and the children are on deck. If we could have had weather like this all the way we could have enjoyed ourselves much better. We are nevertheless, grateful that we have gotten this far in safety.

Wednesday 28--2 a.m. It is a beautiful morning and we are being anchored opposite Jersey. There has been very few gone to bed, preferring rather to walk the deck than go below. I am writing this by the light of the moon. We will start from here about 7 a.m. We move on again. 9 a.m. We are anchored opposite Castle Garden. All is in confusion, our baggage is being brought up on deck to be inspected by the custom house officers. I took charge of one . . . and . . . the other.

\* We got into Castle Gardens about 9 a.m. on Thursday 29 of April. (Three weeks on the vessel). It is a nice place for protecting emigrants; other ships with passengers arrived the same day as us. We took a ticket from Youngstown, Ohio, about 5 p.m. and







then got our luggage on a car. We had to pay \$6.25 for extra luggage. We paid about \$8.00 each for our train to here, the distance from New York to here is about 600 miles. We were 48 hours in the cars. They are much superior to the cars in the old country. Thursday--still rolling on in the cars.

Friday 30--Arrived here about 8 p.m. Logged in a store all night. The people were extremely kind. Got up about 9 a.m. went to a place called Power Bank, but could not get work. George and Robert work there. Went to another place called Crab Creek Bank. The men are on a strike and of course we would not go in. The Master offered us a place in another bank, but I think the figure too small, they don't make more than \$2 per day. 2 p.m. We have work from Hog's bank, a very large bank. I have taken a house for which we have paid \$8 a month. Provisions are very high in this country. We would require good wages if we save anything, however, I will get a try at the work. Mondy, Sunday, we have spent one night in our own home and as the poet says, "There is no place like home."

May 12--Brother A. Bowman and Brother John Fife came to see us. We were glad to see them, in fact, it is the blessedest sight I have seen since we landed.

May 13--We have concluded to move along with Brother Bowman to Sterling.

May 14--Left Youngstown at 6:30 a.m., arrived here about 1 p.m. and met with Sister Bowman and Brother and Sister John Fife. We spent a most happy night together. They are endeavoring to make us comfortable. We are going to live in the same house with Brother Bowman.

May 19--I have only gotten one day of work here yet. Men are dissatisfied at not getting paid, it being five days past the usual time of paying.

May 23--Blessed Brother Bowman's twins today.

June 22--Received mail from R. Gillispie, W. Wallace, H. Fowles, and Mrs. Honeyman. Wallace's father died April 19, 1869. I returned answers to the above letters.

June 23--R. Gillespie here August 13, in route for the valley.

Sept. 1--received word from New York today to be at Enow Station on the morning of the 6th.

Sept. 7--The rain pouring down in torrents, however, we had just to put up with it. We started in the wagon from Sterling run to Enow at 9:30, a distance of five miles over a very hilly road. We were up to the axel in many places, in fact it hardly deserves to be called a road. The wagon was tipped up and down like a ship in the storm. We reached Enow about 12:00 noon and put up at the Lawrence Hotel where a good fire was kindled to dry our clothes. We don't expect to get off until Wednesday. No word of the train and no hopes of getting off today.

Sept. 10--Thursday 9 a.m. The cars have just come along with a mixed company of English, German and Welch, only two in the whole company that I know. Namely, James Hardie and Janet Adamson, sister-in-law of G. Du Berrys. We stopped at a station called Allinace to get bread for the passengers, then five or six were left behind. We reached Chicago this morning about 8 a.m., stayed there three hours and started about 300 miles, all of which was nearly as level as a floor. We crossed the Mississippi at night fall, so we did not get a good view of it.

Sept. 11--We are going on at a rapid rate, we are not in the state of Iowa; it is the most beautiful part of the country that I have seen; on each side of the track it is as level as a bowling green; there is nothing to obstruct the view.

Sept. 13--Sunday--We have not reached the banks of the Missouri River. We expect to get across during the day. Last night we passed through about four miles of water on the tracks, the previous rains had flooded it for miles along. We were very thankful when we got through in safety. Sunday afternoon we are now across the river and have to camp here all day until tomorrow at 11 a.m. The place is called Maha. It is built on a hill and looks very well.

Sept. 14--We are on the cars and ready to start. D. M. Stewart has charge of the company. 10 p.m. it has been raining all day, nothing has transpired worth mentioning.

Sept. 15--A beautiful day and we are in a beautiful country. We have run along the side of the river (Platte) ever since we left Omaha. We are also running along the tracks the saints use to go with ox team. We are now at Plum Creek. There is a party of soldiers camping here, they have come in from the plains to recruit their numbers & their horses. They have been after Indians all summer. Among the officers was the one that took Booth, Lincoln's assassin.

Sept. 16--Another beautiful day. We are still riding through the plains. 11 a.m. We have now reached Cheyenne City, where another large detachment of soldiers stay for protection of trains and letters. We are not approaching the rocky mountains. We have ridden 530 miles since we left Omaha. The railroad here is 8,350 ft. above the level of the sea. We have not seen any Indians yet. There has been lots of deer and prairie dogs and owls



I hare. We are now passing the most beautiful scenery I have ever seen. There are beautiful granite rock on each side of us which sparkles in the sun like gems of gold. We arrived in Heber City September 24, 1869. After staying for a while at Hooper with my sister Allison.

(The old record is at the home of his son, David C. Watson at 629 Canyon Road, Ogden, Ut.)

October 1872--they thrashed for and received 190 bushels for thrashing:

Mart Oaks, Thomas Todd, T. S. Watson, Hl Jones, W. Walker, George Muir, Wm. Lindsay, Richard Jones, Jesup Thomas, Henry Walker, T. Watson, W. Jones, Manapah Gallachger

24th of July--In the old diary a program was outlined. Members of the battalion and pioneers under direction of Joseph Moulton had a parade then met at the large bowery. Had a program--Races on foot; horse races, \$5. prize; greased pole, new hat prize; races for old men, \$1; races for young men, 50¢. Parade: Fathers in Israel, Mothers in Israel, Young Men, Sunday School. Thomas Watson, James Watson, Joseph Thomas and James Lindsay Robert Lindsay, Archibald Sellers bought a mower and rake.

He was secretary of the Big Ditch Company.

They arrived in Ogden, Utah, on the 17th of September 1869. They visisted with Robert Simpson and his wife Allison and Hooper. Then on the 20th of September 1869 they left and reached Scission Settlement the same day. They left there in the morning and reached Sugarhouse ward, the same night. The following morning they left for Kimballs at Park City, and arrived there that evening; then to Heber, 24th of September 1869. Henry Fowles Watson was born 6 December 1869. (so he has crossed the ocean, believe it or not.)

in the year 1869 Mr. Watson purchased ground from Bishop Abraham Hatch. He did work to pay for it in the way of hauling rock, chopping and hauling wood, and working at the mill making ditches, hauling manure and planting garden. In 1870 he brought a yoke of oxen from William Bethers.

In the following year, seven more children were born. This family of twelve children ten boys and two girls, but four grew to manhood.

Thomas Squire<sup>Jr. Watson</sup> married Jean Stevenson and had three children; Lizzie, Ranking and Myron. Thomas died 3 March 1919.

William Don married Lucy Bagly. He died at Ogden, Utah, on 13 June, 1934.

David Cook married Jennie Drew and lives at Ogden, Utah, has no children of their own, but have reared several children at their home.

Henry Fowlis married Ella Murdock and have 11 children, all living but one and all are married.

Thomas Squire drove the stage to Park City carrying passengers and mail. His wife Elizabeth was killed by a bull May 27 or 28 1888 and was buried in Heber City.

As was the custom then, Mr. Thomas Squire Watson was rebaptized on the 27 March 1881 by Thomas Nichols, reconfirmed 27 March 1881 by Thomas Todd. Wife Elizabeth, rebaptized 17 October 1881 by Thomas Todd, and reconfirmed 17 October 1881 by Thomas Squire Watson.

Watson was a very keen man and an intelligent speaker. He was president of the Young Men's Mutual and was ordained to a high priest by John Gordan on 29 April 1871. He had a good voice and sang often and played a flute. He lost his flute coming from Park City. He was judge of Heber City for about eight years. He was an excellent penman, a beautiful scribe. We have a family record he wrote, (his son D. C. Watson at Ogden, Utah now has it). He was so kind and thoughtful of others, working on many committees and programs. He and others bought one of the first thrashers; in 1872 they received 190 bushels of grain for thrashing for others, also a mower and rake. He always said, "Do not borrow, it will be broken or get lost, you pay twice when you borrow." He was a fine looking man, was secretary of Big Ditch Company. He was a very good provider, his donations were many and liberal, according to various records. He wanted the best; he had many cattle, sheep, barns, fine buildings, horses, harnesses and all were destroyed by fire.

Thomas Squire married Jennie Low Fowles at Provo. She was born at Aucktermucty Five, Scotland Parish of Aucktermucty on 14 January 1865. To this union two children were born: Lindsay Pride, born 27 October 1889, and he died at Ogden, Utah 27 December 1930 and Lillian Southworth, born 3 January 1898, now Mrs. Virgil Cofelt of California.

Thomas Squire died on 16 August, 1903 of obstructions of the bowels. The burial was in Heber City cemetary. His wife Elizabeth's temple work was done by his grand daughter, Lacy Watson Swain, 24 February 1915. Thomas Squire Watson's temple work was done by his



son Henry Fowles Watson, 25 February 1931 and on the 25 February 1931 Henry and wife Ella had the sealing work done at the Salt Lake Temple.

This family history (not including the diary) of Thomas Squire Watson was given at Heber City, Utah to a pioneer meeting on 19 June 1939 by his grand daughter Lacy W. Swain, at the home of his grandson, Nymphas Watson.

The following was written by Dave C. Watson, a son, March 11, 1953.

Father and Mother left Scotland on the 10th of April in 1869, they were on the water for 19 days and never had their clothes off because there were forty of them in a room ten by forty feet and the conditions were horrible. Nearly all of them were sick and Father was about the only one able to wait on them. You will have to try and imagine what it would be like with forty in such a small space and all of them sick. They had very poor food and not much of it. For breakfast they had a roll and a cup of tea, for dinner they had broth and fresh meat and some plum pudding. For supper they had tea and a hard roll.

They landed in New York on April 29, and started for Youngstown, Ohio, where they met some of their friends, and Father stayed and worked around there in the mines until September when they started for Utah and arrived here about Oct. 19, but he did not write any in his diary after he left Cheyenne so I just guessed when they arrived in Ogden, where they were met by Uncle Robert and Aunt Allison Simpson. They stayed with the Simpsons a few days and went back to Echo on the train and were met by Jim Lindsay and taken to Heber in a wagon. I am not sure whether it was an ox team or horses.

After they arrived in Heber, Father worked for Bishop Hatch who was later President of the Wasatch Stake. He worked for a dollar a day and bought some land from Bishop Hatch. He shows he paid for different articles, sugar 30¢ lb., tea 75¢ for  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. Understand that my father and Jim Lindsay taught night school for awhile but I am not sure about that. My father ran a stage and freight business between Heber and Park City for about eighteen years, sold out about 1890. He was probate judge for twelve years and later was county clerk until he died. (find out dates etc. from county records in Heber.)

In regard to my mother's death (May 27, 1888) I was not at home, but the way I remember it--after my father had left with the stage, one of the neighbors saw her cross the street about 9:00 and she was not seen again until a neighbor found her but we did not know until we got home and found her dead in the shed where the bull had killed her.

None of my brother or sister who died were <sup>not</sup> old enough to be baptized. The oldest I remember, was George and I think he was about five or six when he died and the others were all younger.

About her death--she often watered the bull--he had walked over many times as she lay by the post at the door, her beautiful auburn hair was a mess.